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A Morning Motto.

HUMAN LIFE is character building; for remember that character means exactly what we are, while reputation is only what other people think we are. Every man builds his own character. —Cuyler.

Motor Sleds in Alaska.

AN ALASKAN CORRESPONDENT writes as follows: The motor sled has come to stay. The dog team and sled will continue with us for many a long day, no doubt, but the introduction of the new motor sleds during the last winter amply demonstrated their economy, utility and speed.

Al Gawn, a Nome freighter, covered the distance with a load of freight from Nome to Solomon recently in less time on the trail than the fastest dog team ever made on that famous race course.

A Kansas City Rain.

THE LORD CERTAINLY does love Kansas City and the vicinity round about.

The rain last night was another evidence of His goodness to this favored section of His vineyard. It was the kind that everybody longed for, says the *Kansas City Star*.

Years ago when an old pioneer Kansan prayed for rain at Emporia, at the end of a long drought, he confided to the Lord that "we want none of your sizzle-sozzle kind. We want a sod-soaker and a gully-washer." Kansas City got the "sod-soaker" last night. Likewise, the "gully-washer."

"Now watch the late corn 'come out' and dispel the gloom of the farmers. The pastures will 'green up,' and the creeks and rivers flow with fresh water. It means millions added to the wealth of the country hereabouts.

The backbone of the hot weather has been broken with the refreshing breezes; the earth has been washed of dust. Everybody takes a new start today. Not only has it given new life to the earth, but a new spirit for the people who were weary of a long, hard pull with the hot summer.

Let everybody sing!

Handicaps No Bar.

"HOW MANY strange things there are in nature," observed Captain E. B. Smyth, of Texas, a visitor in Washington. "One of the best known characters in Texas is a man who was unable to utter a word until he was 17 years old. Now he is one of the best speakers in the state. This man came to this country from Ireland when he was a boy, says a Washington newspaper. He was born dumb, and physicians who examined the lad could give no satisfactory reason for his condition. The boy studied and acquired a first-class education. He understood everything that was said, but could never make a reply. Finally one day he observed a big burly boss of a section gang striking one of his employees, and this incident loosened his tongue. He was startled to hear himself protest with a vigorous exclamation against the act of the boss, and from that time on he was able to talk.

"There is in Texas also an old fellow whose eyesight was destroyed during the war. He was a Confederate soldier, and after the war he started in business in Bernard, Tex., selling real estate. It may seem inconsistent, or even impossible, that a man without eyes could be a successful real estate agent, yet this old fellow developed into the best known and most successful real estate man in the state. He could appraise any piece of property more accurately than others, and sold more property perhaps than all the other real estate men in his town."

The Downey Woodpecker.

"SOME SCIENTISTS," says the *Ohio State Journal*, "place the downy woodpecker at the head of the list of useful birds.

"He does absolutely no harm and the good he does cannot be estimated. He patrols a piece of woods as carefully as the best policeman his beat, and visits every suspected tree daily. He picks away the loose bark and finds the lurking insect underneath. If a borer has already entered the wood, one sharp stroke of his bill and the borer is no more.

"We have an ash tree in our back yard which was ant-infested. They were carpenter ants of some kind and had bored innumerable holes in the trunk. To and from these holes there was a steady procession of ants. The tree is gradually dying.

"Yesterday a downy woodpecker visited this tree. He alighted about four feet up the trunk. He went busily to work, pulling away the loose bark, tapping here and there, boring when necessary, gradually ascending the tree, and visiting every branch of any size. He spent some time on that tree.

"After he had gone we made an inspection of the tree. There was not an ant there that we could see. The interminable processions were all gone. It does not seem possible that he could have eaten them all. Maybe the rest were frightened away, or better still, scared to death. A down tapping at a tree must be an ominous sound to an ant. Anyway, the ants were gone.

Is Rebuilding Muscles.

THE JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL has begun to direct a campaign against infantile paralysis, first by institutional research calculated to isolate, if possible, the virus and then to formulate an effective serum.

The hospital has been kept informed of the developments of experimental serums for the disease in the Rockefeller Institute. Surgery is now looked to for a tentative solution, at least until a serum can be made to prevent death.

In the pathological departments of the local hospitals are extremely few cases. However, some of these recently treated were in an acute stage. Generally they were children and were crippled.

Surgeons learned that the contractions of hands and feet from the effect of the virus on the cerebral centers could be corrected by a very simple process with the knife. Silk ligaments of heavy fibre are spliced on the frayed ends of healthy tendons in arms or legs and then inserted into the distal ends of the deadened muscles. Nature does the rest when the incisions heal and healthy muscle clings to the fibre of silk and grows about it like vine tendrils.

In a month the tendon becomes thoroughly healthy without contraction, and the cripples are able to walk without limping. Moreover, a child once cured, it is said, is immune thereafter.

Buzzard's Day is Over.

HOWARD WILLIAMS, commissioner of agriculture, is authority for the declaration that the time is coming when the turkey buzzard will vanish from the face of the earth, at least in its

civilized divisions, and will become a curiosity in the zoological museums of the future.

Mr. Williams further believes that the time will come soon, when instead of prescribing a penalty for killing one of these scavengers, the state will offer a bounty for its destruction in the interest of the sanitary movement which science has brought to every country.

With the development of human and live stock health laws, has come the requirement, which is more strictly observed each year, that all animals that die be buried or burned. This, when the forests have been cleared of all their wild animals, will leave the buzzard without a mission in life or a source of livelihood, unless he should develop a new appetite.

Convinced that the buzzard as a scavenger is one of the most dangerous instruments of scattering disease of numerous infectious kinds from one community to another, Mr. Williams believes the time is already here when the bounty should be offered by the state.

Lend-a-Cow Movement.

AMONG THE WHOLLY destitute in Belgium there are 600,000 children, A. J. Hemphill, who has been administering relief in that country, reports to the Fund for Starving Children at 70 Fifth avenue, New York. They are entirely dependent upon the tender-heartedness of the outside world, and the problem of bringing them up and even of keeping them alive is becoming more and more grave.

The relief organization has just started an extraordinary experiment to meet the emergency of short milk supplies in industrial centers. It has asked the farmers to lend free of charge for one year one cow from each of their herds to a communal herd which will provide milk for the children.

To the credit of the farmers be it said that in Antwerp the herd now numbers more than four hundred cattle. In other centers the farmers are responding excellently to the appeal of the American delegates. At the end of the year the cows will be returned to their owners, who will be compensated for the loss of any of their cattle.

The Fund for Starving Children is in constant receipt of reports as to the condition of little ones in many lands. The latest news from the Balkans is more than pitiable. In Albania, not only are the Albanians suffering, but Albania is full of Serbian refugees, Austrian prisoners and wandering Mohammedans from all quarters. In Bulgaria and Greece the suffering is intense. In Macedonia the children are starving almost as generally as in Albania, and the only relief is that which is going from the Fund for Starving Children.

Enlists Country in "America First" Campaign.

ON SEPTEMBER 1 the United States bureau of education in the department of the interior began its nation-wide campaign to induce 3,000,000 non-English speaking immigrants to attend night school and learn the language of America.

The commissioner of education has designated men dealing with the immigrant's problems from every angle to serve on a national committee of one hundred to further the purposes of the campaign. This action is the result of resolutions adopted by two Americanization conferences held during the recent meetings of the National Education Association in Detroit and in New York, at which times it was decided that the removal of the inability of the foreign-born residents to speak English could be hastened by concerted effort and co-operation of all interested agencies and individuals working intensively on a nation-wide basis prior to and immediately subsequent to the opening of evening schools in October.

Letters of appointment have been sent to representative industrial leaders, educators, labor and immigration officials, state officials, editors, officers of patriotic, civic and racial organizations and public spirited citizens in every section of the United States. The function of the committee will be to co-operate with the bureau in enlisting the active interest of school superintendents, chambers of commerce, commercial organizations, industrial establishments, labor unions, and private organizations.

For the purpose of enlisting native and foreign-born American citizens in the "America first" campaign an enrollment blank headed "Sign this card and join the Americanization movement" will be used. Thousands of these cards, asking each signer for his personal help, will be disseminated in states and cities where immigrants reside. Through the active assistance secured in this manner the bureau expects to be able to reach thousands of immigrants which it could reach in no other way. Co-operating sub-committees will be appointed in the principal immigrant communities.

Rights of the Dead.

HAVE THE DEAD any rights—as to reputation—which posterity is bound to respect? This question is discussed in the August number of *The Bar*, the official organ of the West Virginia State Bar Association.

The Bar bases its remarks upon a newspaper article, of which the following excerpt will suffice for "The legal profession is showing much interest in the case of Paul Hoffer, a citizen of the state of Washington, who was convicted and heavily fined for slandering the memory of the father of his country. His offense consisted in asserting that Washington drank, swore and owned slaves. The charges must have been made under circumstances which aroused the public indignation—probably in general denunciation of the first president—as otherwise it is inconceivable that Hoffer would have been haled before a magistrate and fined."

After quoting the newspaper article in full, *The Bar* appends these comments:

"A man's character is what he is; his reputation is what people think he is."

"The fact is, he can't very well have a reputation different from his real character."

"Yet most men are more concerned about their reputation than their character. Their lives are largely given to making and conserving a reputation they want to live after they are dead. They erect monuments, write biographies, and books, build institutions, and give large sums of money solely that they may not be forgotten when dead."

"But posthumous reputation is a volatile, evanescent thing that passes like a change of temperature over a locality and is gone and forgotten. So quickly is it forgotten that it would seem to have been incontinent buried in the grave with the body of the man to whom it belongs. A man lives for it, struggles for it, earns it as he earns an estate, dies, a few friends mourn for the moment around his grave, then go their way and forget. It is like casting a pebble in the sea, a few waves are sent out of the spot that wear themselves out while you look. So with the memory—the reputation of a man."

"Yet this is the thing that men value and labor for, and have won and cherished for itself as a part of their estate. Why should it not have a value in law as any other part of their estate, why should it not be entitled to damages?"

"It is true that a man's reputation can be of no profit or loss to him personally after he is dead. But that is true of any material part of his estate. But it may be a loss to his heirs if injured or marred just as much as an injury to his house, or the theft of a precious jewel he left to his wife."

"If you deface and destroy the epitaph on his tombstone, it makes a clear case for damages. Why should not a defamation of his good name and fame make as substantial a basis for an action at law for damages?"

"The fact is that every state ought to have a statute to protect its dead—not the dead body alone—but to protect from wanton defamation the good name of the dead by making it the ground for an action for criminal libel, which the state should prosecute and punish as a duty it owes to one of its citizens."

KILLED NATIONAL GUARD OFFICER FOR ATTACK ON HER HONOR, WOMAN'S DEFENSE



Mrs. H. C. Adams and Captain F. J. Spratling.

Asserting that he had offended her while in his office for medical treatment, Mrs. H. C. Adams of Atlanta went to Macon to the camp of the First brigade of the national guard and fired two shots into the body of Captain Spratling. He was killed instantly. Captain Spratling, who was married and forty-seven, was a native of New York and twelve years ago one of the physicians of the Matteawan Asylum for the Criminal Insane.



NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—Just when people begin to believe that white slavery exists only in the yellowbacks and the movies some exposure made in New York shows that it is positively dangerous for a young girl to appear on the streets alone at any time. There seems to be a lure or trap for her on every hand.

Yushe Botwin, the disgusting white slave, who is now in the toils of the law, has told of a list of victims that is so great that even the hardened attendants and attaches in the district attorney's office shuddered. I saw Botwin in a police station. He was stock, swarthy faced, bull dogged and rough necked and just the kind of a fellow I would imagine to be a white slave.

Fondling a half smoked cigar in his pudgy fingers, he said to the district attorney: "If you got plenty of money you can get anything." The loathsome wretch does not deny his guilt. He considers his foul work legitimate business and feels that his arrest is an injustice.

He coolly admits that he has built up a fortune by luring young girls to their ruin, even by establishing picture houses to draw them in, and yet he has the impudence to say: "I don't know if it's wrong or right. I only know I make money."

The story is told of a well known Broadwayite, who had his office under the canopy of a theatre, and who recently went abroad. He visited Rome and stood under the Capitoline and looked down into the heart of the ancient city.

He saw the ruins of the once mighty forum gleaming coldly white at his feet under the clear Italian moon. There were visions to stir a thousand memories—memories of triumphant gorgeous Caesars, stately marble temples, silver spoken orators and ret: worded poets.

After watching the scene for about a half hour, he grew restless and then turning to a friend sighed and said: "Gee, I wonder what the fellows are doing on Broadway tonight?"

The news of the passing on of Tody Hamilton, the famous circus press agent, was a shock to the Rialto. Every year Tody took his troop of trained acrobats across the continent. They jumped through hoops, played dead and did many other things at his bidding.

Some there were who called Tody the world's greatest liar but his magic was not for the dull minded. He knew that one might as well apply the yardstick to the milky way as talk of facts in the same breath with spangles and elephants and the saw dust ring.

Other press agents have come and gone but Tody will live on forever. He was the first to introduce alliteration. Of course his art has been taken up now and made the slave of blurring magazine editors. Though he never stepped from behind the scenes, he was a great clown. He made thousands laugh and he made life brighter for thousands of children.

Vegetarian dogs—two of 'em—are owned by a Russian prince now visiting in New York. The dogs have never tasted meat. They are pure white Siberian blood hounds and when their master arrived at the Majestic with them an attendant tried to feed them meat. They sniffed and turned away.

The prince explained that he had been a vegetarian for sixteen years and on the theory that what was good for the master was likewise good for the dogs he has fed them no meat. They have never had a sick day and their coats are particularly glossy.

It is his claim that meat spoils a dog's digestion and consequently his disposition. He declares that his two canines have never shown a display of temper when annoyed by an unusual degree.

a rough place or sympathy with some one who is bursting with good news he "just has to tell."

The Ritchie Kind of Corn.
(Ritchie Standard.)
Three stalks of corn weighing thirty pounds and nearly fifteen feet in height were on exhibition in the speakers' stand at the farmer's picnic in Harrison county last week. The corn was raised by Arthur Sheets, one of the county demonstrators, on his farm at Lost Creek. "The three stalks of corn would feed a two-year-old steer for a day," said County Agent Zinn. "While I haven't figured, I

Nothing Beats America.
(Bluefield Daily Telegraph.)
Those who have in the last two years followed out the "seeing America first" idea in their travels have discovered that no old world nation "has anything on us," to use a street phrase, in the way of scenery, and those who may look their country over critically in the years to come will find the same thing. As an example of erosion by running water, the geological survey points out, the Grand Canyon of Colorado has no equal. So vast is the spectacle of this gigantic trench, more than a mile deep and from eight to ten miles in width, that it can hardly be comprehended on a first view. It possesses the beauty of grandeur and the beauty of color.

The "Kindly Country Ways."
(St. Albans Herald.)
Dotted all over our land there are villages where the kindly country ways are still enforced. There people drop into each other's houses at all hours of the day and night in the happy fashion of genuine friends. No one is ever too cold-bloodedly absorbed in his own affairs and his search for money and position to refuse a lift to a neighbor who needs help over

would say that a normal stalk of corn weighs about six pounds. Sheet's corn is four pounds above normal."

The Country's Future Success.
(Mingo Republican.)
Much of our future success in this country depends upon our ability to keep our young men on the farms and away from the cities. Statistics show that the farms are gradually becoming depopulated and the cities are being overcrowded, with from two to five men waiting for every job. If our young men would stick to the farms and improve and develop them the wealth of the country would be doubled. Bright lights and white ways appeal to the young eye, but they do not feed empty stomachs. The farm is a good place to be and a far better place to stay.

Who Tends This Spring?
(Buckhannon Delta.)
We were at the College spring Sunday and found it in bad shape, green moss or fiber floating all through it. We do not know whose duty it is to keep this spring cleaned out, but as fine a spring as this one should be kept in a more sanitary condition, both for pride and health of the town.

Unjust Discrimination.
(Bluefield Daily Telegraph.)
The shooting of an amateur actor at Selmer, Tenn., may have been justified, but it seems that there might have been leniency, in view of what the public puts up with from professionals if the same kind of shows go to Selmer as come to Bluefield.

How's the Gasoline Pump?
(Wheeling Intelligencer.)
Inspection of public gasoline pumps in western Pennsylvania shows they have been giving short measure, ranging from one to eight cubic inches per gallon, owing to faulty mechanism. Maybe Wheeling pumps are similarly defective.

The Nation's Shrines.
(Morgantown Post-Chronicle.)
Now that the government has acquired the ownership of Lincoln's birthplace in Hodgenville, Ky., why not go ahead and buy Monticello, Thomas Jefferson's old home in Virginia? These two, together with the Washington mansion at Mount Vernon, make a natural group of three great American shrines.

One Way to Earn It.
(Wheeling Register.)
Chief Leyland should really come to the front in the present crisis, particularly as he wants increased pay for his men. Can't he promise a few extra thousand through more frequent raids on the red light and gambling interests, and the inclusion of the speakeasy industry in the scope of police activities?

A Healthy Sign in Cabell.
(Huntington Herald-Dispatch.)
The multiplication of farmers' institutes and district fairs in Cabell county is one of the healthy signs of the better days that are to come. But the progressives who are so forehanded in these matters should not forget to preach the good roads gospel at every meeting.

In Very Bad Company.
(Wheeling Intelligencer.)
"Rigid enforcement" of the automobile headlight dimmer ordinance is keeping company with the suppression of speak-easies.

SANCTUM VAUDEVILLE
Geraldine—Do you get me?
Gerald—Is that a leap-year proposal?—London Saturday Journal.

Clarinda trifles with her meals,
And diets to grow thinner.
But—you should see her eating in
The pantry—after dinner!—Life.

Teacher—Johnny, can you tell me the function of the pores of our bodies?
Johnny—They are things we use to catch cold with.—Christian Register.

"Was there ever a woman who did not grab her skirts and jump for a chair or a table when she saw a mouse?"
"Yep, Eve."—Browning's Magazine.

"To what do you attribute his success?"
"To the fact that he was investigated by a federal commission. Nobody ever heard of him before that."—Puck.

Scot (at the baths)—What's the price of a bath?
Attendant—One shilling.
Scot—Heeh, man, that's a lot. Can ye no say sixpence and put in less water?—Tit-Bits.

THERE'S A LESSON

to be found in the lives of those who reached the top. It wasn't "LUCK!" They worked and saved to be ready for every advance in their career.

No one knows what tomorrow may bring.

The trouble is that many never think of tomorrow—live only for to-day. They fail to understand the value of small economies.

If a start would only be made by laying aside a small part of the income, the lesson of economy would soon be learned.

By opening an account with us, you'll add a system to your foresight that will benefit you, now and later.

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